Che Salt Lake Herald.

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GALVESTON'S DIRE NEED.

ALVESTON'S AWFUL DISASTER GROWS WORSE as the facts become known. In number of victims, destruction of property and extent of territory involved, no catastrophe of modern times compares with it. The obliteration of Pompeii, which is the most famous of such events, killed about 2,000 people, while the loss of life in Galveston and the surrounding territory will reach several times that number.

The Johnstown flood was supposed to have drowned 1,500 or more, but even that memorable inundation sinks into insignificance beside the Texas tragedy. The survivors at Johnstown had hope left them; Galveston's living face a future of financial ruin as they work to recover and bury their dead.

What lies before the men of that city and the helplessness they feel is graphically told in this message from a leading merchant of the place yesterday:

"There is no possible hope for Galveston," he wires. "The city is as completely ruined for a seaport as if the island had been sunk. The men who survived the storm cannot survive financial bankruptcy. No more capital will be invested in Galveston, because eastern and western financiers will never risk it there. We are all ruined today, with thousands of dead around

Seldom has the bitterness of despair found more graphic expression than in those few words. In such an extremity the humanity which makes all men akin ought to move everyone to do what he can for the sufferers. Colorado has already sent a trainload of provisions. Relief trains from various directions are hurrying to the aid of the sick and wounded survivors. The national government is exerting itself to provide shelter and food. The whole nation is stirred by the call for help.

Utah has experienced recently the value of sympathy and practical aid in a time of need. It is her turn to contribute for others, and The Herald hopes some organization will be devised immediately for that purpose. The demands on local and state charity were very heavy when the Scofield disaster occurred, but this extraordinary emergency justifies extraordinary effort. Utah should make the sacrifice and do her share toward the relief of

THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE.

TRONG PARTISANS are always prone to estimate the oposing party by the worst types of public men that it contains, and to exalt their own party by the most illustrious names within its ranks. This is a simple method of condemning your foes and lauding yourselves.

The first defect observable in this method of classification is that it convinces none but strong partisans, and they are not the game the party sport desires to bring down. It is perfectly useless to gibbet Croker because of the tremendous evil alleged to exist in Tammany Hall, and expect a fair man to overlook "Me too" Plait, who stands right beside him with a hold upon an organization embracing all of the state of New York, and one just as inimical to good government.

If Boss Croker is mixed up in an ice trust, Boss Platt is the heart of a Ramapo steal that is calculated to rob the people of \$200,000,000. Any one who is conversant with current political history can find a Roland for the partisan's Oliver in nearly every

The essential thing in judging parties is not their number of good or bad men in various localities, but instead, the question is, in which party are the good or the bad dominating its leadership and policies?

The prevailing tone of the Republican party today, same for four years past, has been fixed by the overmastering personality of Mark Hanna. It began at a time when Major McKinley was a vacillating congressman, with no reputation save his accidental connection with an outrageous tariff bill. He was picked up as "safe" man to put into execution all the projects of as merciless a gang of robbers, operating under cover of iniquitous laws, as ever infested a feudal state,

Herald readers are familiar with McKinley's shufflings, evasion and broken promises. He has done everything the national bankers, the trusts and the Platts have told him to do, and their spokesman has been the autocrat from Ohio who first advanced the idea that politics should be run as a commercial business. The regular party hacks-no matter how virtuous they may be in their non-partisan capacity-have bowed down and yielded a supple obedience to the dictates of their political master.

Against this we set an organization, the Democratic party, which has made many errors in its time and possesses its full share of the undesirable men of the nation. But throughout the confines of the land, from ocean to ocean, it is dominated by the high aspirations and lofty principles of one man whom it follows in glad approbation. The history of this man is easily told; every man, woman and child in the United States knows it as a household story. It is built upon the character of a Christian gentleman, who knows no master but his own conscience and leads only through the implicit faith of the common people.

When Mr. McKinley declared in his letter of acceptance that silver is the paramount issue in this campaign he knocked the props from under those fairweather bimetallists who are plaintively excusing their treason by the false assertion there is no money issue this year. Mr. McKinley has given the lie direct to the Republican party of Utah, but the insult won't be resented. Those who have the spirit to resent it believe McKinley is telling the truth and so will be silent while the rest-the silver men who are for gold and the offices-will simply declare that McKinley is mistaken, and then go on shouting that silver is dead.

Mr. Platt's New York convention was as beautifully automatic as Mr. Hanna's gathering in Philadelphia. Platt's every candidate won and his every foe was given a quiet funeral. They ought to call him Thomas Unanimous Platt, turn over the nominating power and save the cost of conventions. The results would be the same and the saving very large.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has embarked in politics under the auspices of Smith Pine, one of Platt's most astute district leaders. Cornelius is due to have much more experience and much less money by November than he has now.

Mr. Roosevelt, in addressing the Dutch at Holland, Mich., failed to discuss the attitude of McKinley toward the Dutch of South Africa. Possibly he overlooked it; quite probably it was not an opportune subject.

The meat trust in Chicago is figuring on another advance in the price of its product. Hanna ought to ask them to postpone action at least until after election. This isn't a good time of year for trusts to "get gay."

HARPIES OF GOLD POWER.

But real prosperity will never come to our country until those very things can be accomplished. To do it the higher sentiments of our fellow-citizens must be awakened and that spirit imbued into the people of the United States which comes when a great war is threatened, namely, a determination to fight it out on that line, with faith in God, and a belief that the United States is able to maintain itself in all places and against all foes, whether they be trained armies and fleets, or, still more dangerous, the trained harpies of the gold newwent that for the gold new that the will be ready to turn over the duties to an understored to turn over the duties to an accessor. He says he is about ready for a rest. The nervous, active life of Chicago does not tempt him; the rest-ful, unhurrying atmosphere of Washington has cast its spell upon him, and he dreams restful dreams of a book, a nap. a game of croquet, with an occasional bit of travel, not too fast.

Lyman J. Gage is a thoughtful business man. He has a large, square head, and during the forty years in which he has been going through the mechanical routine of a banking business this head has been working on many things. He is not a student of broks, though he is of men. more dangerous, the trained harpies of the gold power, that fight with weapons more dangerous than musketry and artillery .- Salt Lake Tribune, June 5, 1896.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Frank Roberts left Tuesday for Co-

Mrs. David Sharp entertains Friday Miss Josephine Katz has invitations

out for an afternoon affair next Tues-day in honor of Miss Flora Griffin. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spencer leave omorrow for an eastern trip.

The many friends of Miss Bessie Burkett in this city will be interested to learn that her marriage to Thomas M. Starrh will take place today in Hailey, Ida. Miss Burkett formerly made this city her home and her friends will wish her happiness in her nam life.

Mrs. Mary Shell entertained at dinner Monday evening in honor of Mr. Evans of Manila.

LYMAN J. GAGE'S CAREER.

(H. Gilson Gardner, in Chicago Journal.) In one respect the biography of Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the treasury, differs radically from that of almost every public man who has achieved equal prominence; this is the absence equal prominence; this is the absence of the element by chance. By the unromantic road of bookkeeping Mr. Gage reached his position in the cabinet. He pursued no method beyond being a good bookkeeper, or a good cashier, or a good anything else which came to him in the regular line of promotion. He always did the very best he could in the position in which he found himself, and the result was he was always a little too good for the position; in

A DOCTOR'S BIG FEE.

A DOCTOR'S BIG FEE.

(New York World.)

The the siways did the very best he could in the position in which he found him in the position in which he found him as a little does not be ready was he was always as a little does not receive the took another step upware the took another step upware the cook and the stop was a bank was always as a position. Anyone wishing to know more of him would have found that he best hotel was the Tremont House, then a four-story brick builting head central bank at Rome, N. Y., and brought letters of recommendation in the brought was a healthy, bright looking young man a healthy bright looking young have young healthy looking young hand young have young healthy looking young had young healthy looking young

McKinley's cabinet.

During the forty years' business career in Chicago, Mr. Gage took ninety days' vacation. He never was discharged, and he never sought a better position than the one he held. Whatever came to him was unsolicited.

From the management of a bank Mr. Gage stepped into a position of manifold and diverse duties. The employees of his department number 25,000. The various bureaus have to do with finance, immigration, coast and land surveys, life-saving on the borders of the great lakes and the ocean, internal revenue, steamship inspection, the minting of money and the printing of stamps and evidences of the government's indebtedness, the maintenance of lighthouses, the regulation of the public debt and many other allied and ramifying matters too numerous to mention. Add to this executive responsibility the share which he must take in the general problems and labor of the country's administration, and some idea may be had of the scope of this new field for activity.

To a conscientious man lacking in executive ability the office is certain to be deadly. No human man can grasp all the details, and an attempt to do so has resulted in several instances in hopeless confusion and failure. The other extreme is represented by the secretary who remarked that the office was not arduous, his duties being simply to sign his name, and "is messenger always showed him where to sign." The successful incumbent has been one who could strike a happy middle course, knowing what is essential, trusting details to competent lieutenants, and so determining the broad questions of policy as to get the best results.

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After his four years' experience in public life Secretary Gage has revised his opinions of the people who work for the government. As a private citizen he admits that he shared the popular notion that the majority of them are inclined to be inefficient and are always ready to "soldier," or neglect the work. He says now the majority of them are "as loyal and true a set of people as there are in the world; that they understand their work and serve the government with zeal, intelligence and fidelity." That they work as strenuously, or as many hours as employees of private concerns, he does not claim, but he believes they do all that should be expected of them.

When his four years' term as secre-

When his four years' term as secre- The reason the Indians are not a suc-

is not a student of books, though he is of men.

His interest in civic matters, his clear opinions, together with his readiness at all times to do his share of work for the betterment of the city, did much to bring him into prominence in Chicago superior to that of other men of equal business standing. He was the "prominent citizen" to be interviewed on all questions and at any time, and the reporter always found him with something to say—and generally it was something which could be noted with approval in the editorial columns.

noted with approval in the editorial columns.

All successful men are called upon with more or less frequency to disclose the formula which they employ. Mr. Gage does not attempt to sum it up in an epigram. He cites his own experience in favor of doing as well as possible the duty next at hand, resting assured that merit will eventually be discovered. "But," says he, "success is the product of ten elements"—spreading out his fingers to illustrate them. "A person may have nine, and on account of the absence of the tenth fail to arrive. He may have all the requirements of greatness except one, and that one may be some seemingly trifling thing; perhaps it may be a brusqueness of manner, a lack of appreciation, something about the personal appearance; the tenth factor is absent and the nine alone will not do."

The secretary of the treasury is thoroughly democratic. He does business with doors open. Other members of the cabinet are guarded by colored doorkeepers, secretaries and sub-secretaries and nauseum. Not so in the office of

cabinet are guarded by colored door-keepers, secretaries and sub-secretaries ad nub-secretaries ad nuseum. Not so in the office of Mr. Gage. He sits at his desk clad in a gray alpaca coat with ragged sleeves, and does business with all who have legitimate business. He is frank, dignified, affable—the same Lyman J. Gage known to the business public of Chicago during the forty years of the city's life and growth.

A DOCTOR'S BIG FEE.

(New York World.)

SHORT STORIES.

An Englishman's "Scoop."

(Pittsburg News.) It is said that new daily newspapers established in London are introducing American enterprise in the matter of gathering and printing the news. They have their own ideas of American enterprise. The "scoop" is an Americanism, now generally called a "beat." Newspaper readers on this side know that it is a bit of important news secured and published exclusively by one paper.

that it is a bit of important news secured and published exclusively by one paper.

In a recent London publication there is a signed article by the editor of one of the oldest newspapers in England. He tells in it how he reached his present exalted position. In the sketch he tells this story of himself, which he has sub-headed "My First Scoop:"

He was young on his paper and was employed as a man of odd jobs, included among which was reporting. A big law case was on trial and there was every reason to believe that the court would adjourn before it was finished until the next day. The sub-editor who was in charge decided not to hold the paper. He sent it to press and went home. The young man stayed around the office for a short while and then went out for a stroll on Fleet street.

Passing the office of the Standard he noticed a bulletin announcing the conclusion of the big suit. He rushed in and bought a paper, hurried back to his own office, stopped the press and had the news set up and inserted.

"On the following day, Saturday," he writes, "I received as reward and encouragement a florin and the thanks of the sub-editor!"

There is an English "scoop" for you. of the sub-editor!" There is an English "scoop" for you It's funnier than an English joke.

Worth Visiting.

(London Chronicle.) A Scot's Story: A few days ago, in the smoke room of a Glasgow hotel, a Yankee was asking information about visiting the "show places" in Scotland. After a few were given and noted the town of Storling was mentioned.
"Waal," observed the Yankee, "I guess I must go there; that's where the silver comes from."

Discouraging.

(Detroit Journal.)

I told the boy the old fable of the Sun and the Wind; how the sun, shining steadfastly, had caused the way-farer to take off his coat, which thing the wind, though blustering its utmost, had quite failed to do.

"The fable," I said, "teaches the superior efficacy of gentle methods."

"But," said the boy, "perhaps it was the humidity, and not the heat, which led the wayfarer to lay aside his cloak."

It is disheartening thus to meet up with the characteristic skepticism of the age in one so young!

The Discontented Rancher.

(San Francisco Wave.) A certain prosperous rancher near San Jose is noted for a discontented disposition. No matter how admirably his affairs progress he always finds cause for complaint. Returning from the city recently after disposing of his produce at good fewers he said to his the city recently after disposing of his produce at good figures, he said to his wife: "I am about tired out! Is cows in t' harn?" "Yes," answered his hardworking wife, "long since." "Is t' hosses unharnessed and fed?" "Yes." "Fowls locked up?" "Yes." "Wood chopped for mornin'?" "Yes." "Them ducks plucked and dressed for market?" "Yes." "Wagon wheel mended and ready to start i' t' morning'?" "Yes." "Oh, then," he said with a sigh, "let me have my supper and turn in! Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me."

Giant Crackers, But Unsatisfactory.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.) "Speaking of the glorious Fourth," "Speaking of the glorious Fourth." remarked a former resident of Georgia, "reminds me of a quain't practical joke played several years ago by a young lawyer over in Atlanta. He had a northern friend living in a small town not a great distance from the city, and the day before the Fourth of July received a telegram from him running about like this. "Want to celebrate in proper style. Send by next train a few of the biggest crackers you can find." It so happened, that the lawyer had proper style. Send by next train a few of the biggest crackers you can find." It so happened that the lawyer had three clients who were to be released from jail the following morning. They wer tall, gaunt, bearded mountaineers, who belonged to the class known as Georgie 'Crackers,' and had been locked up for making moonshine whisky. The town where the patriotic northerner lived was on their way home and dup for making moonshine whisky. The town where the patriotic northerner lived was on their way home, and seeing an opportunity to have some fun the attorney went around to the jail and told the trio of wild men that he would pay their railroad fare that far if they would stop off and deliver a note to a friend. They readily agreed and he gave them a letter running thus: 'These are the biggest crackers I could find. Hope they will prove satisfactory.' Next morning the suburbanite was summoned to his door and confronted by three huge, hairy mountaineers, who solemnly handed him the note and sat down on the front steps. He was amazed beyond measure, and when he read the missive he realized that he was 'up against it,' as the saying goes. There is very little humor about the Georgia moonshiner, and he knew instinctively that it would be highly dangerous to let those gringiants suspect that they had been made the instruments of a joke. How to get rid of them was the question, and, after scratching his head awhile, he invited them to breakfast, and then gave them a dollar apiece and told them to go and celebrate. They promptly filled up on corn whisky, and later in the afternoon he hired a man to put them a board the train and pay their fare to their mountain home. Then he sent a telegram which the kewyer still preserves: 'Crackers arrived,' it ran; 'very unsatisfactory. Had to have them reloaded before they would go off.'

cess at card playing, say the cow punchers, is that they do not know the are of cheating or catching a cheater. Stacking the cards or under dealing are beyond their comprehension. But gamblers in the tribal ranks are getting thicker. It, is a disease that spreads with the influx of white men to their lands. to their lands.

A Belated Sympathizer. (Indianapolis Journal.) "I'm writing to Sam about his

fever."
"What of it?"
"Why, when h Why, when he was here I thought he ide too much fuss about it. Now I have t it myself, I want to tell him that he in't make half fuss enough."

A Controversialist.

(Washington Star.)

"Remember." said the grave citizen,
"that pride goes before a fall."

"Oh, I don't know." said the reckless
man with the meited collar. "Fall will be
here next month, and I don't see that this
summer is so much to be proud of."

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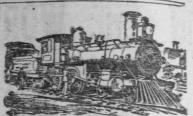
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